And preſently.
*Wooer.* She would have me ſing.
*Doctor.* You did ſo?
*Wooer.* No.
*Doct.* Twas very ill done then,
You ſhould obſerve her ev'ry way.
*Wooer.* Alas
I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.
*Doctor.* That's all one, if yee make a noyſe,
If ſhe intreate againe, doe any thing,
Lye with her if ſhe aske you.
*Iaylor.* Hoa there *Doctor.*
*Doctor.* Yes in the waie of cure.
*Iaylor* But firſt by your leave
I'th way of honeſtie.
*Doctor.* That's but a niceneſſe,
Nev'r caſt your child away for honeſtie;
Cure her firſt this way, then if ſhee will be honeſt,
She has the path before her.
*Iaylor.* Thanke yee *Doctor.*
*Doctor.* Pray bring her in
And let's ſee how ſhee is.
*Iaylor.* I will, and tell her
Her *Palamon* ſtaies for her: But *Doctor,*
Me thinkes you are i'th wrong ſtill. *Exit Iaylor.*
*Doct.* Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine Fooles: her honeſty?
And we ſhould give her phyſicke till we finde that:
*Wooer.* Why, doe you thinke ſhe is not honeſt Sir?
*Doctor.* How old is ſhe?
*Wooer.* She's eighteene.
*Doctor.* She may be,
But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpoſe,
What ere her Father ſaies, if you perceave
Her moode inclining that way that I ſpoke of
Videlicet, the *way of fleſh*, you have me.
*Wooer.* Yet very well Sir.
*Doctor.* Pleaſe her appetite
And doe it home, it cures her *ipſo facto,*

The



The mellencholly humour that infects her.
*Wooer.* I am of your minde *Doctor.*
*Enter Iaylor, Daughter, Maid*
*Docter.* You'l finde it ſo; ſhe comes, pray honour her.
*Iaylor.* Come, your Love *Palamon* ſtaies for you child
And has done this long houre, to viſite you.
*Daughter.* I thanke him for his gentle patience,
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,
Did you nev'r ſee the horſe he gave me?
*Iaylor.* Yes.
*Daugh.* How doe you like him?
*Iaylor.* He's a very faire one.
*Daugh.* You never ſaw him dance?
*Iaylor.* No.
*Daugh.* I have often.
He daunces very finely, very comely,
And for a Iigge, come cut and long taile to him,
He turnes ye like a Top.
*Iaylor.* That's fine indeede.
*Daugh.* Hee'l dance the Morris twenty mile an houre
And that will founder the beſt hobby-horſe
(If I have any skill) in all the pariſh,
And gallops to the turne of *Light a'love,*
What thinke you of this horſe?
*Iaylor.* Having theſe vertues
I thinke he might be broght to play at Tennis.
*Daugh.* Alas that's nothing.
*Iaylor.* Can he write and reade too.
*Daugh.* A very faire hand, and cafis himſelfe th'accou
Of all his hay and provender: That Hoſtler
Muſt riſe betime that cozens him; you know
The Cheſtnut Mare the Duke has?
*Iaylor.* Very well.
*Daugh.* She is horribly in love with him, poore beal
But he is like his maſter coy and ſcorneful.
*Iaylor.* What dowry has ſhe?
*Daugh.* Some two hundred Bottles,
And twenty ſtrike of Oates, but hee'l ne're have her;